

WALTON
PUBLICATIONS
CDC
RACKET SQUAD
IN ACTION

No 8



RACKET SQUAD

10¢

IN ACTION





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

STOP SMOKING

**TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS**



•YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves
STOP
- Tobacco Breath
STOP
- Tobacco Cough
STOP
- Burning Mouth
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Hot Burning Tongue
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Poisonous Nicotine
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Tobacco expense

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthful nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—IN JUST SEVEN DAYS! Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breath clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the stultifying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—You Can Stop Smoking!

SEND NO MONEY

**Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker
Spends \$125.90 per Year**

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthful impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs . . . a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco \$\$\$ on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. Send NO Money! Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but FOREVER! Mail the coupon today.

HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

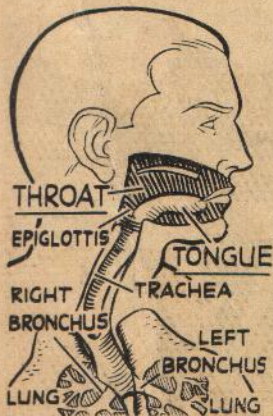
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness . . . Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or it won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can lose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthful smoking habit!

ATTENTION DOCTORS:

Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients) . . . If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever . . . your money cheerfully refunded.



YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS . . . OR NO COST TO YOU



Here's What Happens When You Smoke . . .

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs . . . (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures those membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath . . . Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco. . . Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days. . . Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever . . . return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS
7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. 61
1227 Loyola Ave.
Chicago 26, Illinois

SENT TO YOU IN
PLAIN WRAPPER

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

- ☐ Send 7-Day Supply, I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charges.
- ☐ Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAME _____ (Please Print)
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

HERE'S BIG MONEY TO BE MADE FROM "HOT" CARS, WHEN SHREWD RACKETEERS ARE...

in the **DRIVER'S SEAT**



J.J. O'MALLEY



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



GOT IT, MR. KELLER...
175 SOUTH STREET YOUR
CAR'LL BE THERE BY NOON
TIME AND THANKS
A LOT!

THANK
YOU!



ANOTHER SUCKER, MIKE. THAT
"FREE" BAIT SURE BRINGS 'EM
IN! ANY CALLS FOR A
1951 TWO-DOOR
"CADDY"?

I CAN
ALWAYS PUSH
THOSE, PETE!



HERE'S A DEALER IN HARTFORD
WHO CAN USE A MAROON MODEL, WE'LL
REPAINT THIS ONE. BUT, FIRST, GIVE
IT THE FREE OIL AND LUBE JOB...
THEN GET A SET OF
DUPLICATE KEYS
MADE!

IGNITION AND
TRUNK CASE?
CHECK,
BOSS...

THE OFFER OF FREE SERVICE
WAS FULFILLED, AND KELLER'S
CAR WAS PROMPTLY RETURNED
TO ITS CUSTOMARY PARKING
PLACE. THEN, THREE DAYS LATER...



PICK UP THAT
KELLER'S BOAT,
PETE! IF ANYONE
QUESTIONS
YOU, GIVE 'IM
THE USUAL
BLARNEY...
ADDITIONAL
FREE SERVICE!
YOU KNOW THE
OLD LINE...

HEH HEH!
I'VE USED
IT OFTEN
ENOUGH,
BOSS!



NOT A SOUL WATCHING
ME! THIS'LL BE A BREEZE!
JUST LET MYSELF IN
WITH THE DUPLICATE
KEYS WE HAD MADE...
THEN DRIVE IT LEISURELY
BACK TO THE GARAGE!
THEN, PFFT... KELLER'S
CAR IS GONE!
STOLEN!



S-SOMEBODY PULLED
AWAY FROM THE CURB, RIGHT
BEHIND ME! I BETTER
SPEED IT UP... TRY
TO SHAKE THAT OTHER
CAR, JUST IN CASE!

RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



THAT GUY IN THE OTHER CAR... H-HE'S STICKING TO ME LIKE GLUE! I HOPE THIS BUGGY CAN MOVE... HERE GOES THE ACCELERATOR RIGHT TO THE FLOOR!

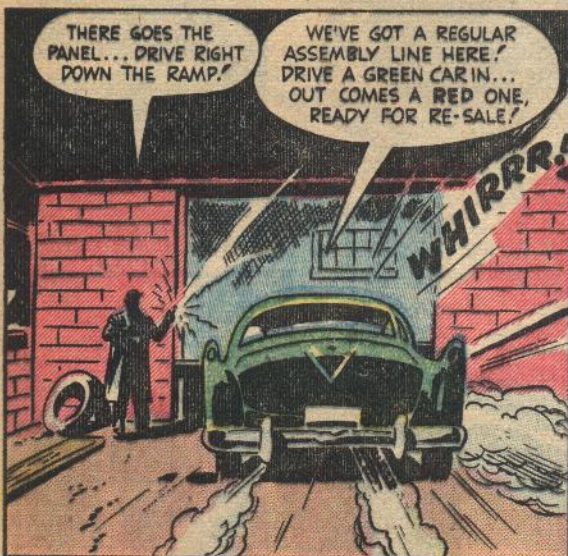


IF THIS DOESN'T SHAKE THAT OTHER CAR, NOTHING WILL!

SCREECH!



WHEW! HE'S GONE! LOOKED FOR A MINUTE LIKE HE WAS GONNA TRACK ME ALL THE WAY TO THE GARAGE... BUT I'VE GIVEN HIM THE SLIP! NOW TO DUMP KELLER'S CAR SO THE BOYS CAN START WORKING ON IT!



THERE GOES THE PANEL... DRIVE RIGHT DOWN THE RAMP!

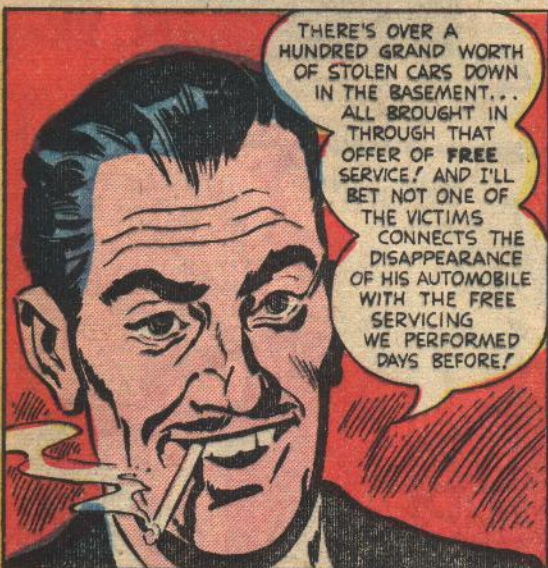
WE'VE GOT A REGULAR ASSEMBLY LINE HERE! DRIVE A GREEN CAR IN... OUT COMES A RED ONE, READY FOR RE-SALE!

WHIRR!



PETE'S DELIVERING THAT "CADDY" YOU WANTED HIM TO PICK UP. WE'VE GOT CONNECTICUT LICENSE PLATES ALL READY... AND COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO ALTER 'ER!

GOOD! GET TO WORK ON IT RIGHT AWAY! AND CLOSE THAT BACK PANEL AS FAST AS POSSIBLE... I DON'T WANT SNOOPERS TO GET THE IDEA THERE'S ANYTHING MORE THAN A STORAGE ROOM DOWNSTAIRS!



THERE'S OVER A HUNDRED GRAND WORTH OF STOLEN CARS DOWN IN THE BASEMENT... ALL BROUGHT IN THROUGH THAT OFFER OF FREE SERVICE! AND I'LL BET NOT ONE OF THE VICTIMS CONNECTS THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS AUTOMOBILE WITH THE FREE SERVICING WE PERFORMED DAYS BEFORE!

FOR WEEKS AFTER MIKE FORREST OFFERED "FREE" SERVICE TO BUSINESS MEN IN THE DISTRICT, CARS CONTINUED TO DISAPPEAR MYSTERIOUSLY FROM THE STREETS. THEN...



HURRY IT UP, WILL YOU? THAT DEALER UP IN HARTFORD IS GETTING ITCHY... I PROMISED DELIVERY YESTERDAY AFTERNOON!

COULDN'T START ON IT 'TIL THIS MORNING, MIKE. WE'RE TURNING CARS OVER SO FAST HERE THAT I'M GONNA NEED A COUPLA MORE ASSISTANTS TO FILL ALL OUR ORDERS!

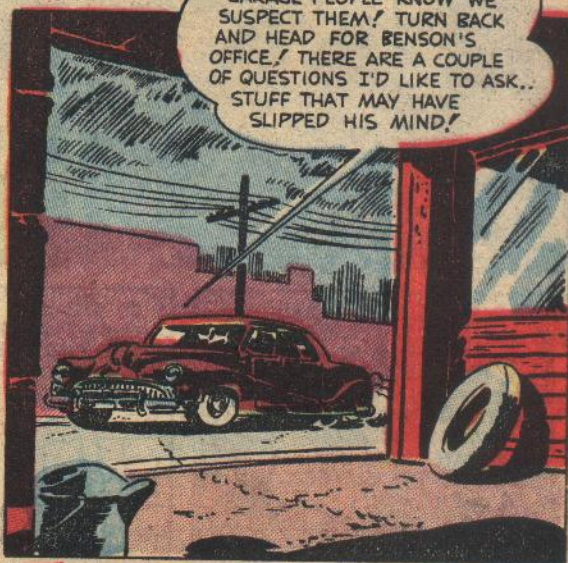
RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



FOR SEVERAL BLOCKS WE WERE ABLE TO FOLLOW THE THIN RIBBON OF OIL. THEN...



THE NEXT DAY, IN A BORROWED OFFICIAL CAR... STRIPPED OF ALL IDENTIFICATION CONNECTING IT WITH THE POLICE DEPARTMENT... STEVE VISITED THE GARAGE.



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



THE CAR WAS RETURNED, AS PROMISED THEN, FOR THREE DAYS. STEVE PRYOR SPENT UNCOMFORTABLE HOURS IN THE CAR, PARKED AT THE LOCATION HE HAD GIVEN THE GARAGE. FINALLY...

JUST GOT A TELEGRAM FROM BOSTON, PETE. THAT BIG BOAT THIS JERK PRYOR BROUGHT IN... 'PICK IT UP RIGHT AWAY.'

ANOTHER CAR TO BE "ALTERED" EH? IT'LL BE A PLEASURE.



OH, BY THE WAY. THAT BENSON CAR WE GRABBED YESTERDAY, WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH IT... IT'S GOT A BAD OIL LEAK!

I KNOW... HARRY TOLD ME ABOUT IT! IT'S A SMALL ENOUGH EXPENSE, CONSIDERING THAT THE ONLY DOUGH THIS RACKET IS COSTING US IS FOR A SET OF DUPLICATE KEYS FOR EACH CAR WE STEAL!



COP AT THE CORNER, BUT HE'S LOOKING THE OTHER WAY! BEEN IN LUCK ALL WEEK... I'VE BEEN STOPPED JUST ONCE, AND TELLING ABOUT DOING SOME MORE "FREE" WORK FIXED IT UP FINE. IT'S A WASTE OF TIME HAVING TO RETURN THE CAR TO LULL ANY SUSPICIONS... MEANS HAVING TO COME BACK A FEW DAYS LATER TO MAKE THE SNATCH! THIS ONE'LL BE EASY!



THESE SUCKERS SURE FALL FOR THAT "FREE" GIMMICK. FUNNY NONE OF 'EM EVER DREAM THAT WE'RE SETTING THEM UP FOR A CAR THEFT IN THE HOUR OR SO IT TAKES TO MAKE DUPLICATE KEYS. NOW BACK TO THE GARAGE... HEH! HEH!



GO STRAIGHT DOWNSTAIRS, PETE! MIKE AND THE BOYS ARE WAITING...

YOU SURE GOT A RACKET! MUST MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A CHARACTER OUT OF A MURDER PICTURE, OPERATING THAT SECRET PANEL WE RIGGED UP!



COME ON, PETE... BRING IT INTO PLACE FAST, SO WE CAN CLOSE THAT PANEL!

WHAT'S THE HURRY? THEY'LL NEVER TUMBLE TO OUR RACKET IN A MILLION YEARS!

RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



THE
END

RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

CLINT BERNARD KNEW HE HAD A "LIVE WIRE" SWINDLE WHEN THE MONEY BEGAN TO POUR IN FROM...

The DEATH NOTICE RACKET

ONE COPY OF EACH OF TODAY'S PAPERS, SIR? YOU SURE MUST BE A GLUTTON FOR BAD NEWS, READING ALL OF THEM EVERY DAY LIKE YOU DO!

IT'S JUST THAT I LIKE TO KEEP TRACK OF DEVELOPMENTS... SPECIALLY THE GRAVE NEWS IN THE PAPER! HERE FOR YOUR TROUBLE IN SETTING THE PAPERS ASIDE FOR ME! KEEP THE CHANGE!



IN THE ROOM FROM WHICH HE OPERATED, CLINT BERNARD WENT TO WORK SURVEYING THE GRAVE NEWS HE FOUND SO ATTRACTIVE...

LET THE SUCKERS READ THE FRONT PAGE HEADLINES... OR THE COMICS OR SPORT PAGES! NO MONEY IN THAT STUFF! WHAT I LOOK FOR MEANS DOUGH... AND PLENTY OF IT!



GOT TO PAT MYSELF ON THE BACK FOR DREAMING UP THIS LITTLE SWINDLE! WHO ELSE WOULD THINK THERE WAS SO MUCH MONEY IN THE DEATH NOTICES?



OBITUARY

Martin, Thomas A.
Husband of Irene,
father of John J. and
Paula Martin. Suddenly,
in his fifty-second
year. Services at
Bronson Funeral
Home, this city, at
11:00 A.M. tomorrow.

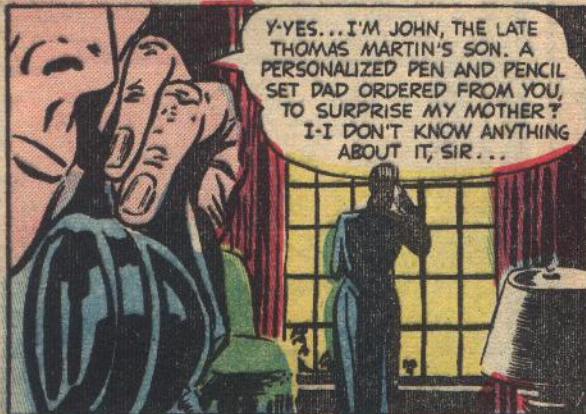
HERE'S ONE THAT LOOKS PROMISING... BRONSON IS A PRETTY FANCY FUNERAL PARLOR! THIS IS WORTH A PHONE CALL...

HELLO... BRONSON FUNERAL HOME? THIS IS A FRIEND OF THOMAS MARTIN, FROM OUT OF TOWN. I'D LIKE TO GET THE MARTIN FAMILY ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER SO I CAN OFFER MY CONDOLENCES. YOU'VE GOT IT THERE... GOOD! GO AHEAD... I'M JOTTING IT DOWN!



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

"IN A FEW MINUTES, THE TELEPHONE BROKE THE SOLEMN SILENCE OF THE GRIEVING MARTIN HOME..."



Y-YES... I'M JOHN, THE LATE THOMAS MARTIN'S SON. A PERSONALIZED PEN AND PENCIL SET DAD ORDERED FROM YOU, TO SURPRISE MY MOTHER? I-I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT, SIR...

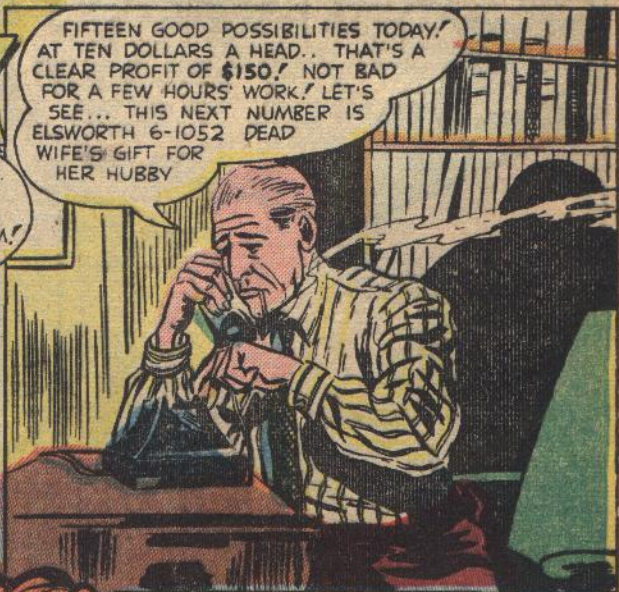


... BUT IF DAD ORDERED IT AS A GIFT, WE CERTAINLY DO WANT IT! MOTHER WILL CHERISH IT AS HIS LAST WISH! GIVE ME YOUR ADDRESS AND I'LL SEND A CHECK IMMEDIATELY... YOU CAN FORWARD THE SET AS SOON AS IT'S READY!

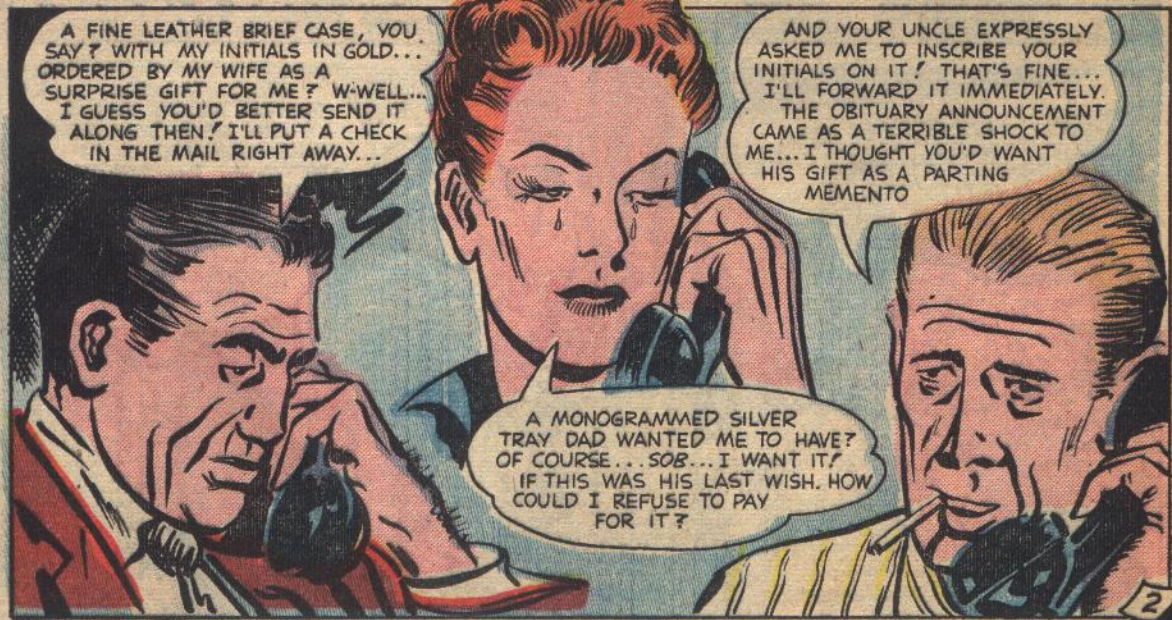


"AS CLINT BERNARD KNEW FROM PAST EXPERIENCE, THE BEREAVED FAMILY WAS AGREEABLE TO ANYTHING OFFERED IN THE DECEASED MAN'S NAME..."

ONE SUCKER SIGNED UP... MARTIN, ONE DELUXED PEN AND PENCIL SET, WITH WIFE'S MONOGRAM! NOW TO GET TO WORK ON THE REST OF TODAY'S DEATH NOTICES!



FIFTEEN GOOD POSSIBILITIES TODAY! AT TEN DOLLARS A HEAD.. THAT'S A CLEAR PROFIT OF \$150! NOT BAD FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK! LET'S SEE... THIS NEXT NUMBER IS ELSWORTH 6-1052 DEAD WIFE'S GIFT FOR HER HUBBY



A FINE LEATHER BRIEF CASE, YOU SAY? WITH MY INITIALS IN GOLD... ORDERED BY MY WIFE AS A SURPRISE GIFT FOR ME? W-WELL... I GUESS YOU'D BETTER SEND IT ALONG THEN! I'LL PUT A CHECK IN THE MAIL RIGHT AWAY...

AND YOUR UNCLE EXPRESSLY ASKED ME TO INSCRIBE YOUR INITIALS ON IT! THAT'S FINE... I'LL FORWARD IT IMMEDIATELY. THE OBITUARY ANNOUNCEMENT CAME AS A TERRIBLE SHOCK TO ME... I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT HIS GIFT AS A PARTING MEMENTO

A MONOGRAMMED SILVER TRAY DAD WANTED ME TO HAVE? OF COURSE... SOB... I WANT IT! IF THIS WAS HIS LAST WISH. HOW COULD I REFUSE TO PAY FOR IT?

RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



HEH HEH! WHAT A HAUL I'M GOING TO MAKE TODAY! NOT ONE OF THE SENTIMENTAL BOOBS QUESTIONED THAT THEIR RELATIVES HAD PLACED AN ORDER WITH ME... NOT ONE WAS SURPRISED AT THE PRICES I ASKED!



NOW TO PUT THE MONOGRAMS ON THE DEAR DEPARTED'S SURPRISE GIFT! THEY'LL CHERISH IT FOREVER... AND NO ONE EVER DISCOVERS THAT THEIR DEAD RELATIVE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF ME! HEH HEH!



I BUY THE STUFF BY THE GROSS, AND CHARGE FANCY PRICES FOR IT! IF ANYBODY MADE A MISTAKE, IT'S THE CORPSE... AND THE FAMILY WILL FORGET ALL ABOUT IT!



"BUT ONE WOMAN DIDN'T FORGET ALL ABOUT IT! WHEN SHE RECEIVED THE SHODDY GIFT SHE HAD ALREADY PAID FOR, SHE BROUGHT IT TO MY OFFICE..."

...AND I WAS SO UPSET, I TOLD THE MAN TO SEND IT! BUT AFTER THE FUNERAL, WHEN I GOT HOLD OF MYSELF AGAIN, I WONDERED WHY MY DEAR BROTHER SHOULD SEND ME LUGGAGE, WHEN I HAD A NEW SET ONLY A WEEK!

PLEASE SEND MARY QUIGLEY INTO MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!



...AND THAT'S HIS RACKET, MARY... TAKING ADVANTAGE OF PEOPLE SO DISTRESSED THAT THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE ORDERING. THEY PAY HIGH PRICES FOR THIS SHODDY STUFF HE PALMS OFF ON THEM. YOU KNOW WHAT OUR PLAN IS...

I'LL GO RIGHT TO WORK ON IT, INSPECTOR O'MALLEY!



"THAT'S WHERE I CAME INTO THE STORY. FOLLOWING INSPECTOR O'MALLEY'S INSTRUCTIONS, I CALLED ONE OF THE LOCAL NEWSPAPERS AND EXPLAINED OUR SCHEME. TWO DAYS LATER..."

THIS THE RESIDENCE OF XAVIER Y. ZIGLER? MRS. ZIGLER? YOUR HUSBAND ORDERED A FINE VANITY SET AS A SURPRISE GIFT FOR YOU, JUST BEFORE HIS TRAGIC... ER... DEMISE. YOU WANT HIS INITIALS ON IT? W-WHY, CERTAINLY... I UNDERSTAND THOROUGHLY, MA'M! YOU'LL SEND THE CHECK RIGHT AWAY? FINE...

RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE OTHER
END OF THE LINE...



ALL I CAN GET
OUT OF HIM IS A POST
OFFICE BOX NUMBER,
INSPECTOR...

JUST KEEP TALKING
TO HIM, MARY. HIS CALL
IS BEING TRACED RIGHT
NOW! WE'LL HAVE HIS
ADDRESS IN ANOTHER
FEW MOMENTS!



AH! HERE IT IS!
62 RADCLIFF DRIVE...
APARTMENT 5-J!
ALL RIGHT, MARY...
YOU KNOW WHAT
TO DO!

I'M ON
MY WAY TO
THE KILL,
INSPECTOR!



I HURRIED TO RADCLIFF DRIVE
WITH ALL POSSIBLE SPEED. I WAS
MET AT THE DOOR BY A BEWILDERED
TENANT...

M-MRS. ZIGLER, YOU SAY?
B-BUT... I DON'T UNDERSTAND,
LADY...

I RUSHED RIGHT
OVER TO SEE
XAVIER'S GIFT BEFORE
I PAID FOR IT! I'VE
BEEN READING ABOUT
SO MANY SWINDLES
LATELY...



S-SWINDLE? I-I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT, MA'M! THERE MUST
BE SOME MISTAKE... I
NEVER HEARD OF ANY
XAVIER ZIGLER!

THERE'S THE VANITY
SET... WITH THE
INITIALS XYZ
ALREADY INSCRIBED
ON IT! DON'T TELL ME
YOU HAVE **ANOTHER**
CUSTOMER WITH THE

MONOGRAM
XYZ?



THAT WOULD BE A
MIGHTY STRANGE
COINCIDENCE... TWO PEOPLE
WITH THE ODD INITIALS XYZ!
I DON'T THINK ANY COURT
WOULD BELIEVE IT!

YOU HAVE
NO RIGHT TO BARGE
IN HERE, LADY!
GET OUT IMMEDIATELY...
BEFORE I CALL
THE POLICE!



AT YOUR
SERVICE,
MISTER!

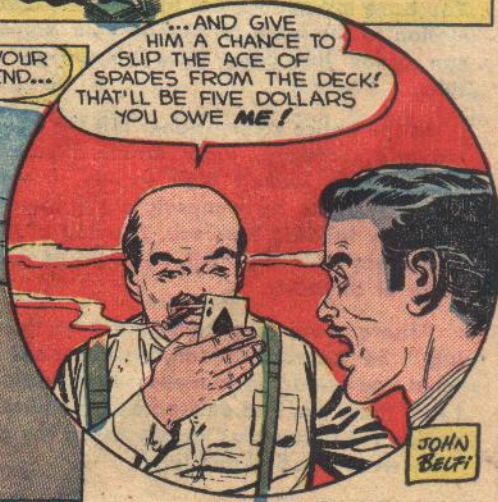
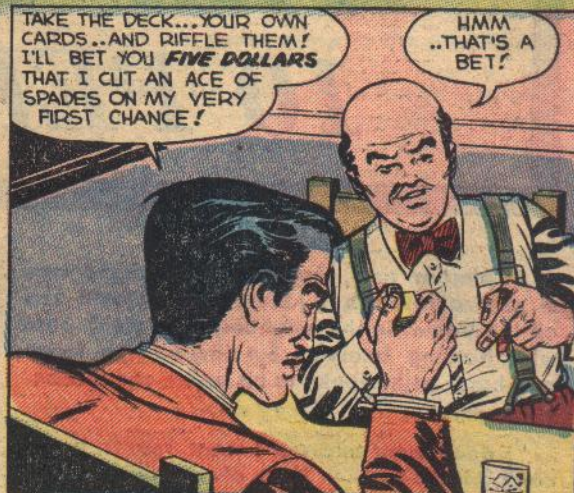
WE BELIEVE IN FAST ANSWERS TO
CALLS FOR HELP! AND FAST JUDGMENT ON
CRUMBS WHO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF PEOPLE
DEVASTATED BY DEATH IN THE FAMILY!
THIS STUFF WILL MAKE MIGHTY NICE
EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU... AND YOUR TOOLS
WILL HELP YOU PUT YOUR INITIALS
ON THE CELL YOU'RE GOING
TO INHABIT
FOR FRAUD!

THE
END

RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

EVEN A SKILLED
CARD SHARP...
WHEN FACED
WITH AN ALERT
VICTIM... CANNOT
ALWAYS...

CUT the ACE!



THE OTHER 10 PERCENT

At election time, Mayor John Hendricks was a very pleasant and jolly man. He would kiss all the babies in the neighborhood. He'd pose with bathing beauties. But now he was tough and harsh as he spoke to his police commissioner.

"I don't want excuses. I want results. If you can't get them, then I can always get myself a new police commissioner. Am I plain in what I say?"

Nelson Oring was getting hot under the collar but he controlled himself for one very simple reason. He knew the Mayor was right. But he did try to make an excuse.

"We recover ninety percent of the cars stolen in this city. That is a very high average compared to the rest of the nation."

"But what about the other ten percent?" snapped back the Mayor. "They didn't vanish into thin air. This car stealing operation has every indication of being a highly organized racket. You will notice that the missing ten percent consist of Cadillacs, Packards, Oldsmobiles, and other highly priced cars. All of sports type. Who is stealing them? And where do they go? You have my permission to offer a spot promotion to the man or men on your force who can break this case. Now go and get me results."

As the police commissioner left the office, the Mayor's secretary, Peter Rawford entered. If ever a man looked high society, it was this secretary. With his immaculately groomed hair, perfectly tailored blue suit, piercing black eyes and slight Oxford accent, he could handle anything or anybody.

"There were two reporters here this morning," he began. "Wanted a statement about what you are doing to recover those stolen cars. I told them you had devised a secret plan which couldn't be revealed at present to the papers. They were satisfied and left."

"Well done," complimented the Mayor. "I like the way you handle things."

Young Adolph Grossman was so mad that for a moment it seemed he would break a blood vessel. He complained bitterly to the officer on the beat.

"I parked my car here half an hour ago. Now look at it! Almost a complete wreck. Some hit and run truck bumped into it and did a perfect job. I just bought this sport car last week."

Suddenly a towing car stopped at the curb and the driver got out and spoke.

"We'll tow the car in for you mister. Only five bucks. If it can be fixed we'll give you an estimate. Otherwise buy it for junk."

Patrolman Roderick M. Mitchell was having a cup of coffee with his buddy, Detective Leo Baker, in the diner.

"Coincidence is a funny thing, Leo," remarked the police officer. "Three times this month I get complaints about hit and run drivers who smash up sport cars. All new models. And always the same towing service. Gus' Reliable Tow Service is on the scene."

"Could be more than a coincidence," answered the detective. "The police commissioner has informed the boys there is a spot promotion for anyone who finds out who is stealing those new cars. I can get you a plain clothes assignment with me. We'll both do a little investigation about Gus' Reliable Tow Service."

Gus Forde looked at the two men who had just entered his garage on Main and Semple Streets. Detective Leo Baker flashed his badge.

"Anything wrong, officers?" asked Gus in a calm voice. He could afford to take it easy. Far behind the door to the left, Peter Rawford was watching every move. He held an automatic in each hand, ready to go into action if necessary.

"No," replied Detective Leo Baker. "You

RACKET SQUAD

purchased a car from an Adolph Grossman. It was smashed by some hit and run driver. Inside the glove compartment was an honorary police badge which belonged to Mr. Grossman. The badge and its privileges have been revoked. We just want the badge. So just take us to the car and let us get it."

"I don't have the car," replied Gus who was stalling for time to think.

"Then whoever has the car is our baby," replied the detective. "We'll visit the new owner and get the badge from him. Anyone who bought that heap of junk must be crazy."

"I don't mean exactly I haven't got it," replied Gus. "What I mean is that the car has now been completely rebuilt. Almost like new. Come with me upstairs and we'll see if the badge is there."

As the three men entered the elevator and started going up, Peter Rawford spoke on the garage phone.

"Listen carefully to what I say Joe. Gus is coming up with two officers. They may suspect something and just be playing dumb. Or they may not suspect a thing. Drop the fake brick wall at once. The only car they are to see is the sport car with the blue paint job. If necessary kill both men. We can get rid of the bodies."

The glove compartment of the sports car proved to be empty. Roderick Mitchell couldn't help admiring the car.

"You certainly did a wonderful job in rebuilding this car. Looks almost new to me. I'd like to buy it."

"Stop your kidding. You don't have that kind of dough. This car will set you back four thousand."

"I'll take it," was the unexpected reply. "Just give me the bill of sale."

Gus went over to a small desk and soon returned with the document.

"Put up or shut up," he said. He was more than anxious to get rid of the two officers. He was certain now they were on to the racket.

Roderick Mitchell handed the bill of sale to his buddy.

"The serial number is A238-986C. I want to check the motor." He opened the hood and looked carefully. That was the serial number on the motor. Evidently the car had been rebuilt.

Meanwhile downstairs a large truck was backing into the place. As soon as it was inside the driver got out of his cab and spoke to Peter Rawford.

"Three more cars and then we are finished with this shipment."

"We may be finished this very minute," was the unexpected reply of a worried man. "There

are two detectives upstairs. I'm not going to take a chance. I'll call Joe on the phone and tell him to kill them both. We'll put their bodies in the truck and dump them into the ocean."

"But suppose the police come again to check on this place. What then?"

"We are moving operations to another city. I'll burn this place down to the ground. It has served its purpose."

Detective Leo Baker sat in the driver's seat of the car and imagined for a moment he owned it. His eyes hit the rear view mirror and he saw a man standing in a small doorway with a gun. The fellow was getting an aim. There was but one shot and the man in the doorway went down in a heap. Gus went for a small gun he had but never made it. A crack in the jaw sent him reeling to the floor. He was disarmed and handcuffed. The man in the doorway was dead. It was a perfect shot.

"So you thought you would finish us off. Start talking quick before I get really mad."

Downstairs the one shot had been heard. Peter Rawford did some quick thinking.

"Something went wrong. We can't take a chance. The boat will have to sail without those extra cars. Get out with the truck. I'll cut the power line to the lift. Then start the time switch. In ten minutes the place will start burning. Let's go."

The two officers took their prisoner into the elevator but it didn't move. Gus knew what happened.

"That dirty rat figured to kill all of us. He must have beat it out. He rigged up an apparatus in the office that sets off two sticks of dynamite. And there are three barrels of fuel oil around it. I don't want to die."

Detective Leo Baker's mind raced a mile a minute. He looked at the fire hose and saw their salvation.

"There's enough of that hose to reach the main floor. We simply slide down it."

"It was a clever scheme," explained the police commissioner to the mayor. "But my two best men cracked it. The gang would smash up a car. They'd have Gus buy it. Then steal a duplicate car. They had a bill of sale. Then they changed the serial number on the stolen car to correspond with the number on the bill of sale. The cars were sold to legitimate dealers in South America."

Peter Rawford was nervous as the police commissioner eyed him.

"You might have at least cleaned your shoes. The oil on the sides gives you away."

Peter made a dash for the door. Right into the arms of the two police officers who beforehand knew their man from a complete confession given by Gus.

The End

RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

SAM LEAR WAS ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST ALERT WATCH-DOGS WHEN IT CAME TO NABbing LAWBREAKERS IN TRAIN AND BUS TERMINALS. THE ARRESTS, THOUGH, LED NOT TO JAIL BUT TO...

HUSH MONEY



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



AT THE BUS TERMINAL, THE SELF-PROCLAIMED GUARDIAN OF THE LAW LOOKED OVER HIS PROSPECTS CAREFULLY...



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



TOWARD THE NEAREST PRECINCT HOUSE SAM LEAR STEERED HIS LATEST CUSTOMER...

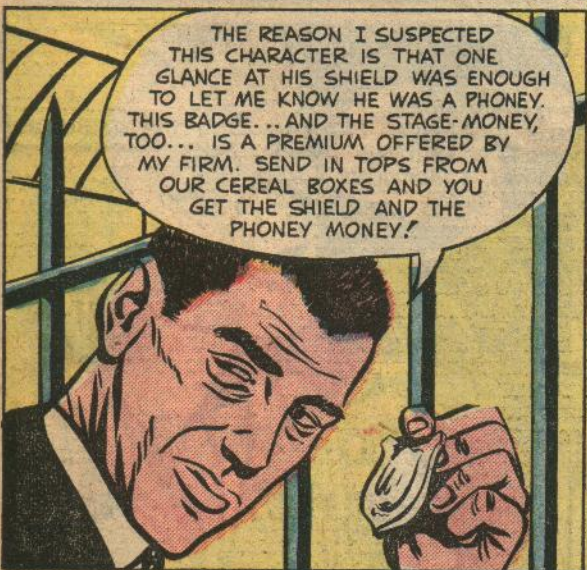
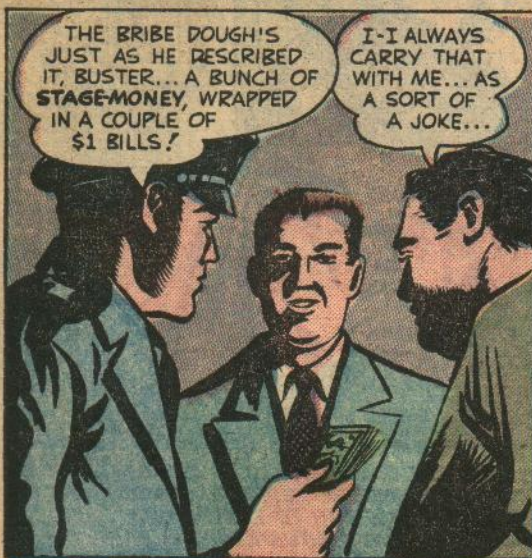


RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHILE SAM LEAR STOOD IN THE TRAIN TERMINAL AND LOOKED THE FIELD OVER FOR HIS NEXT VICTIM...



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO WAIT FOR TRAGEDY TO STRIKE IN ORDER TO PROSPER FROM THE ANGUISH OF OTHERS. SUCH A CASE BROUGHT INSPECTOR J.J. O'MALLEY INTO CONTACT WITH...

The Misery Chiselers

W-WHAT DOES THE N-NOTE SAY, SAM?

"WE HAVE YOUR SON. AT THE MOMENT HE IS SAFE, BUT IF YOU FAIL TO PAY \$5,000 YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN SEE HIM ALIVE! EXACT INSTRUCTIONS WILL BE SENT IN OUR NEXT LETTER..."

SOMEONE IN YOUR FAMILY IS REPORTED MISSING... AND A DAY LATER YOU RECEIVE A RANSOM NOTE. YOU ARE WARNED AGAINST NOTIFYING THE POLICE, LEST YOU BRING INSTANT DEATH TO THE "KIDNAP" VICTIM. WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN SUCH A SITUATION?

THIS WAS THE DESPERATE PROBLEM FACING THE CROWELL FAMILY... AND THIS IS WHAT THEY DID...

I'LL SELL THE CAR IMMEDIATELY... AND GET A LOAN FROM THE BANK. WE'LL HAVE TO GO INTO HOCK FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES TO RAISE THAT MONEY...

W-WAIT, SAM...

T-TAKE MY WEDDING RING! I WOULDN'T WANT TO GO ON LIVING ANYWAY, IF THEY KILLED OUR BILLY...

RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

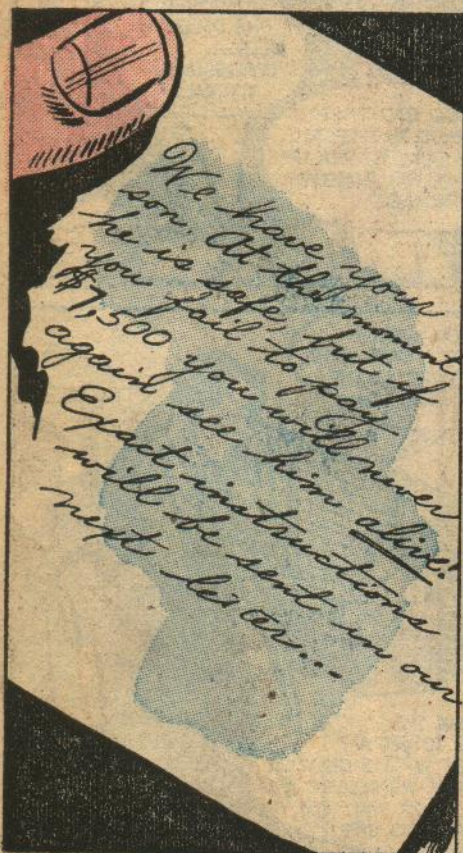
THE NEXT DAY, IN GRAND TERMINAL, THE FRIGHTENED CROWELLS DID AS THEY HAD BEEN ORDERED...



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

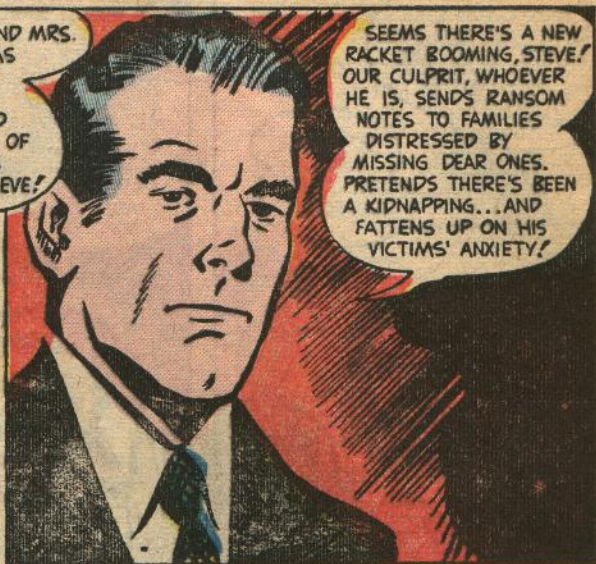


RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



YOU WANTED ME, INSPECTOR?

THIS IS MY ASSISTANT... MR. AND MRS. FELTON AND THEIR SON, WHO WAS MISSING FOR SEVERAL DAYS LAST WEEK. RAN AWAY FROM HOME, IT SEEMS, BUT SOMEBODY'S DEVISED A METHOD OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF PEOPLE'S MISERY, STEVE!



SEEMS THERE'S A NEW RACKET BOOMING, STEVE! OUR CULPRIT, WHOEVER HE IS, SENDS RANSOM NOTES TO FAMILIES DISTRESSED BY MISSING DEAR ONES. PRETENDS THERE'S BEEN A KIDNAPPING... AND FATTENS UP ON HIS VICTIMS' ANXIETY!



TAKE DOWN THIS INFO, WILL YOU, STEVE? MR. FELTON, WE'VE GOT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOU DELIVERED THE RANSOM MONEY... THE DENOMINATION OF THE BILLS... THE KIND OF PACKAGE YOU USED...

WE FOLLOWED UP THE SCANTY LEADS FELTON GAVE US... BUT THEY LED EXACTLY NOWHERE. ONE WEEK PASSED...



AND UNMARKED ONE DOLLAR BILLS... IMPOSSIBLE TO TRACE!

TOO BAD THAT CLERK DIDN'T RECALL WHO CAME TO PICK UP THE FELTON RANSOM PACKAGE...



WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT TIGHT AND WAIT FOR SOME OTHER VICTIM TO MAKE A COMPLAINT...

WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA... WE'LL GIVE THESE RACKETEERS THEIR NEXT VICTIM!

SNAP!



COME ON, STEVE! WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH MEL FOX, OVER AT THE DAILY MAIL!

I-I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO GET A GLIMMER OF WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, BOSS! WE DELIVER A SET-UP... AND WAIT FOR THE GANG TO BITE!

RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

IN THE NEXT DAY'S PAPER, A SMALL ITEM MENTIONED THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A CERTAIN PAUL PRYOR, MISSING FOR TWO DAYS. THE HOME ADDRESS WAS STEVE'S. THE HARROGS... WE DISCOVERED LATER... WENT RIGHT TO WORK!



MORE BUSINESS FOR... FRED! ARE YOU STILL FOOLING WITH THAT INSANE SCRAP BOOK OF YOURS? ALL WE NEED IS FOR THE COPS TO GET THEIR HANDS ON...



DON'T BE A FOOL, EMMA... YOUR HUBBY'S TOO SMART FOR THE LAW! THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT THAT PERFECT DROP OF OURS... IT'S MUCH TOO INGENUOUS FOR MEDIOCRE FLATFEET TO BREAK UP! GIMME THAT CLIPPING... AND GET PEN AND PAPER!

THE NEXT DAY'S MAIL BROUGHT THE FIRST RANSOM NOTE. WE WAITED ONE MORE DAY, AND SURE ENOUGH...



HERE IT IS, INSPECTOR! CAME IN THIS MORNING'S MAIL! AND THE DROP IS WHERE YOU GUESSED IT WOULD BE...

THE PARCEL-CHECKING BOOTH, EH? WE'RE CLOSING IN NOW... TELL MARY QUIGLEY TO COME RIGHT IN! FOR A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT...

THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE ACTING ON YOUR PART, MARY. YOU'RE GOING TO WORK IN THE OFFICE AT THE PARCEL-CHECKING BOOTH... IT'S ALL BEEN ARRANGED. YOU'RE FLIGHTY... A COUPLE OF YOUR OWN GRUDGES AGAINST THE LAW... MAYBE A BOY-FRIEND WHO'S DONE SOME TIME!

I GET THE PICTURE, INSPECTOR! I'LL GET RIGHT ON THE JOB!

THAT SAME AFTERNOON WE MADE UP A BUNDLE FOR OUR UNSUSPECTING VICTIM...

I'VE CALLED ALL POLICE AWAY FROM THE VICINITY OF THAT PARCEL BOOTH... STEVE YOU DELIVER THE BUNDLE... AND MARY CARRIES THE BALL FROM THERE! WE DON'T WANT OUR MAN TO GET NERVOUS AND SKIP WITHOUT THE EVIDENCE THAT'S GOING TO SEND HIM UP-RIVER!



THREE DAYS PASSED. AND THEN I RECEIVED THE CALL I'D BEEN WAITING FOR...

IT'S MARY! THE CLERK... FRED HARROG... COULDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER, EVIDENTLY. MUST HAVE GOTTEN ITCHY FINGERS AND SLIPPED THE PACKAGE INTO HIS OWN CLOTHES LOCKER! LET'S GET DOWN THERE BEFORE HE SCOOTS!



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

Sid Radner warns:

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL

FAVORS THE GYP GAMBLER!



FROM COAST-TO-COAST I TRAVEL THE COUNTRY, EXPOSING CROOKED GAMBLERS AND THEIR METHODS. IT MAY HAVE BEEN YOUR MISFORTUNE TO MEET ONE OF THESE SHREWD CHEATS AT THE CARD TABLE OR IN A DICE GAME...BE WARY OF THEM, ALSO, AT THE ROULETTE WHEEL!



W-WHY...IT'S A LITTLE ROULETTE WHEEL!

TOGETHER WITH A REGULAR GAMBLING LAYOUT! THIS LOOKS INTERESTING!

IT IS INTERESTING... AND IT MAY BE PROFITABLE IF YOU CAN GUESS WHICH SLOT THE LITTLE BALL WILL ROLL INTO!

AS YOU CAN SEE, YOUR CHANCES OF PICKING THE RIGHT NUMBER ARE GREATLY ENHANCED WITH THIS LITTLE PORTABLE WHEEL.... FOR THERE ARE ONLY TWELVE NUMBERS TO CHOOSE FROM! NOW, JUST TO SATISFY YOU, SUPPOSE ONE OF YOU TESTS THE WHEEL TO MAKE CERTAIN THERE ARE NO TRICKS INVOLVED!



I'VE TWIRLED IT A DOZEN TIMES...ALREADY...THE WHEEL SEEMS TO BE IN PERFECT RUNNING ORDER!

IT'S ON THE UP-AND-UP ALL RIGHT! COME ON LET'S GET STARTED!



AS YOU CAN SEE, THERE ARE NO HIDDEN MECHANISMS...NO MAGNETS CONNECTED TO THIS WHEEL! PLACE YOUR BETS, FOLKS...TRY TO GUESS THE RESULTS OF THE TURN OF THE WHEEL!

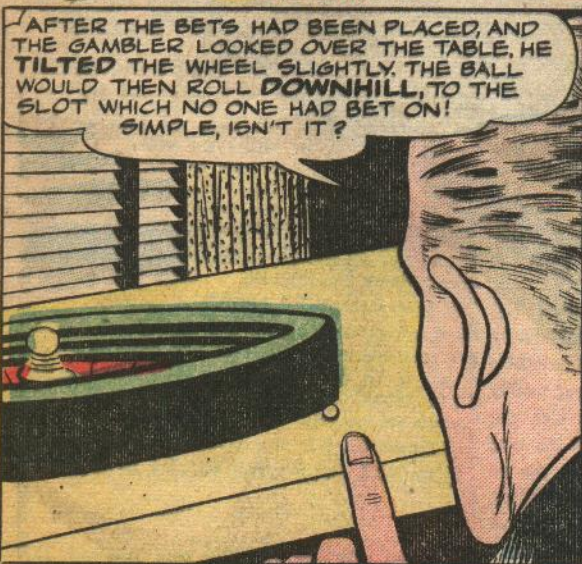
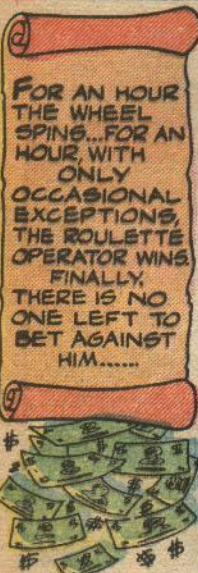
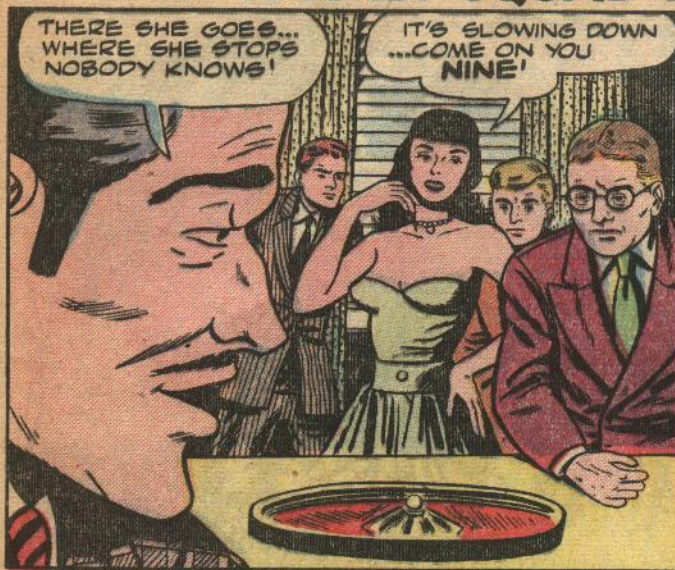


ALL SET? FINE...I JUST WANT TO LOOK OVER THE TABLE TO SEE HOW MUCH YOU'VE BET! AND...HEH HEH...HOW MUCH I STAND TO LOSE!

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A BIG BANKROLL BECAUSE I FEEL LUCKY TO-NIGHT! LET 'ER SPIN!



RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

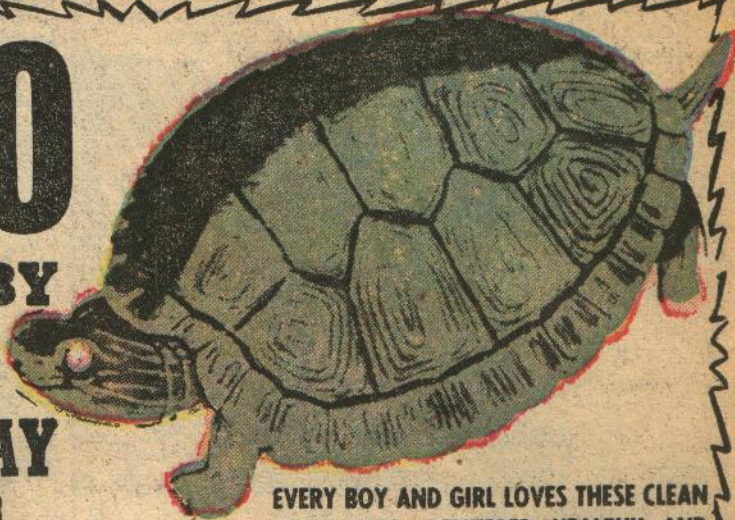


1000

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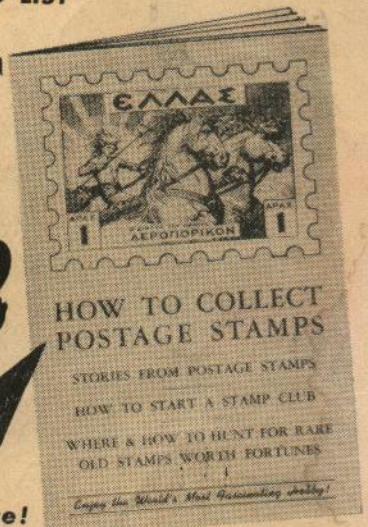
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